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Original Communications.

ST PETER'S AND THE POPES.

WE some weeks back took occasion to notice the admirable model of the Church of St Peter's, at Rome, now exhibiting at 121 Pallmall. This week we submit a graphic representation of that beautiful work, and doing so, present the readers of the 'Mirror' with a correct picture of the vast original.

That Sir Christopher Wren had that majestic edifice in his mind when he planned the present Cathedral Church of St Paul, admits not of doubt. He could not give a higher proof of the admiration which it had inspired in his mind, and Sir Christopher was, in matters of architecture, no gentle critic. Even Westminster Abbey encountered his scornful condemnation. The venerable pile, he did not scruple to say, had no pretensions to be regarded as the work of an architect, as all that it presented was one block of stone lying upon another. St Peter's, at Rome, was in his eye what a magnificent temple of religion

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ought to be. He has furnished a noble imitation, but one which in all respects falls far short of the parent structure, in grandeur as well as in interest.

What a volume might be written on St Peter's if we were to attempt to record a hundredth part of the events most striking in themselves, most important in their influence on the destinies of nations, which have there originated! The mind recoils in dismay from the magnitude of the subject. It was here that he who claimed to preside as the successor of St Peter gave laws to the civilised world. He made kings, and unmade them. The monarch who incurred the displeasure of the Pope had his kingdom laid under an interdict, and his subjects were officially told that disobedience was no longer unlawful, that their king was deposed.

How haughtily daring men conducted themselves in opposition to their rightful sovereign is finely exhibited in the proceedings against Becket, for high treason, in 1163. This individual, whose origin gave him no excuse for overbearing arrogance, who was described by Henry as

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"a wretch who had eaten his bread, who had come to his court on a limping packhorse, carrying all his baggage at his back," this Thomas à Becket could meet, in the way described below, the anger of his king and the hostility of the other bishops, sustained by the favour and approbation of the Pope:

"The bishops, by leave from the king, consulted apart, for they were either to incur his indignation, or with the great men, in a criminal cause, to condemn their archbishop, which, for the manifest violation of holy sanctions or canons, they dare not do. At length the matter was thus patched up by common council or contrivance of the bishops; that they would appeal the archbishop of perjury in the court of Rome, and bound themselves to the king in the word of truth, that they would use their utmost endeavour to depose him. Having thus obliged themselves to the king, they all went from him to the archbishop, and Hilary, Bishop of Chichester, in the name of the rest, told him, that he had been their archbishop, and then they were bound to obey him. But because he had sworn fealty to the king, and did endeavour to destroy his laws and customs, especially such as belonged to his terrene dignity and honour, therefore they declared him guilty of perjury, and that for the future they were not to obey a perjured archbishop. And therefore put themselves, and what was theirs, under the pope's protection, and appealed to his presence, and appointed him a day to answer these matters.

"The king and chief men (without the bishops) sitting in judgment, *rege cum principibus (pontificibus substractis) sedente pro tribunali*, it was most certainly believed, the archbishop would have been imprisoned, or somewhat worse have been done to him, for the king and all the great men that were present judged him perjured and a traitor. And the earls and barons and much company went from the king to the archbishop, of whom the chiefest person, Robert Earl of Leicester, told him he was to come and answer what was objected against him, as he had promised to do the day before, or he must hear his sentence: he rising up said, 'Sentence! yea son earl, hear you, when the church of Canterbury was given to me, I asked what manner of person that would make me, and it was answered free and exempt from the King's court. *Et responsum est, liberum et quietum ab omni nexu curiali me redderet*. Free therefore, and absolute as I am, I will not, nor am I bound to answer to those things from which I am exempt.' And then added, 'My son earl, observe by how much the soul is more worthy than the body, by so much the more I am to obey God than a terrene prince. But neither law nor reason permits that children or sons should condemn or judge their fathers, and therefore I decline the sentence of the king, yourself, and others, as being to be judged under God alone by the pope.' *Unde regis et tuum et aliorum judicium declino, sub Deo solo a domino papa judicandus*. To whose presence I do, before you all, appeal, putting both the dignity and order of the church of Canterbury, and my own, with all things belonging unto them,

under God's protection and his. Nevertheless, you my brethren and fellow-bishops, because you obey man rather than God, I call you to the audience and judgment of the pope; and as from the enemies of the Catholic church, by authority of the apostolic see, I retire from hence.—And so made his escape, as hath been before related."

That Becket was subsequently murdered proves nothing against the power exercised by the Pope. The degrading penance to which he submitted, the barefooted pilgrimage and the scourging from knotted cords which he endured, prove how much the King of England at that period stood in awe of the occupant of St Peter's chair.

Pursuing this train of thought, we find the powers claimed by the Holy Father were not more extraordinary than the humble obedience in many cases, and the fierce resistance in others, which they produced. Hence the wild crusades, the frantic wars, the astonishing martyrdoms, which swell the page of history.

It might be curious to trace the encouragement which the arts received from St Peter's. Not descending to the meanness of humble utility in the first instance, the skill called forth by the noble prices paid for well made relics, eventually improved our manufactures. Fine workmanship was required for those sanctified objects which were to perform miracles; decorations of ancient coffins, the dresses, ornaments, and chains of the disciples, and instruments of torture used against them and their friends, were produced in such abundance, that a very considerable commerce was established under the sanction of the head of the Christian world.

The individual placed in that high situation, it would naturally be supposed, must be one who at least had a great reputation for piety. No such thing. For years a man might continue to sit in the papal chair who laboured under the heaviest accusation. In 1416 John XXIII was charged with having, "by simony, obtained the dignity of cardinal, and by the same practices amassed a great heap of treasure; that he had conspired to poison his predecessor, Alexander V; that he had sold indulgences, and the relics of saints; that he had asserted there was no life after this, and denied the Resurrection; that his life had been dissolute, and he incorrigibly obstinate against all admonition; that from his youth he had been addicted to all vices; that he was a man of no devotion; that he was accused of incest with his brother's wife, and improper intercourse with nuns." These sins against decorum and religion were charged against him for many years before it was attempted to depose him.

In modern times Popes have been brought to reason by the indifference with which they and their threats are regarded even

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by Catholic nations, where any extraordinary exertion of authority is ventured upon. Enough of superstition and of pomp still remains connected with St Peter's, though it is now comparatively harmless.

In the church of St Peter, on Easter Monday, a grand ceremony is annually witnessed. The Pope himself assists at high mass, and the scene is thus described by the author of 'Rome in the Nineteenth Century':

"The church is lined with the *guarda nobile*, in their splendid uniforms of gold and scarlet, and nodding plumes of white ostrich feathers, and the Swiss guards with their polished cuirasses and steel helmets. The great centre aisle is kept clear by a double wall of armed men, for the grand procession, the approach of which is proclaimed by the sound of trumpet from the farther end of the church. Priests advance, loaded with still augmenting magnificence as they ascend to the higher orders. Cloth of gold, and embroidery of gold and silver, and crimson velvet, and mantles of spotted ermine, and flowing trains, and attendant train-bearers, and mitres and crucifixes glittering with jewels, and priests and patriarchs, and bishops and cardinals dazzle the eye, and fill the whole length of St Peter's. Lastly comes the Pope in his crimson chair of state, borne on the shoulders of twenty *palfrenieri*, arrayed in robes of white, and wearing the tiara, or triple crown of the conjoined Trinity, with a canopy of cloth of silver floating over his head, preceded by two men, carrying enormous fans, composed of large plumes of ostrich feathers mounted on long gilded wands. He stops to pay his adorations to the miraculous Madonna in her chapel, about half-way up; and this duty, which he never omits, being performed, he is slowly borne past the high altar, liberally giving his benediction with the twirl of the three fingers as he passes.

"He is then set down upon a magnificent stool in front of the altar, on which he kneels, and his crown being taken off, and the cardinals taking off their little red caps, and all kneeling in a row, he assumes the attitude of praying. Having remained a few minutes he is taken to a chair prepared for him to the right of the throne. There he reads from a book, and is again taken to the altar, on which his tiara has been placed; and, bare-headed, he repeats—or as, by courtesy, it is called, sings—a small part of the service, throws up clouds of incense, and is removed to the crimson-canopied throne. High mass is celebrated by a cardinal and two bishops, at which he assists. During the service the Italians seem to consider it quite as much of a pageant as foreigners, but neither a new nor an interesting one; they either walk about and talk, or interchange pinches of snuff with each other, exactly as if it had been a place of amusement, until the tinkling of a little bell, which announces the elevation of the host, changes the scene. Every knee is now bent to the earth, and every voice hushed; the reversed arms of the military ring with an instantaneous clang on

the marble pavement as they sink on the ground, and all is still as death. This does not last above two minutes till the host is swallowed. Thus begins and ends the only part that bears even the smallest outward aspect of religion. The military now pour out of St Peter's and form an extensive ring before its spacious front, behind which the horse guards are drawn up, and an immense number of carriages, filled with splendidly dressed women, and thousands of people on foot, are assembled. Yet the multitude almost shrunk into insignificance in the vast area of the piazza; and neither piety nor curiosity collect sufficient numbers to fill it. The tops of the colonnades all round, however, are thronged with spectators; and it is a curious sight to see a mixture of all ranks and nations—from the coronetted heads of kings, to the poor cripple who crawls along the pavement,—assembled together to await the blessing of their fellow mortal. Not the least picturesque figures among the throng are the *contadini*, who, in every variety of curious costume, flock in from their distant mountain villages, to receive the blessing of the holy father, and whose bright and eager countenances, shaded by their long dark hair, turn to the balcony where the pope is to appear. At length the two white ostrich-feather fans, the forerunners of his approach, are seen; and he is borne forward on his throne above the shoulders of the cardinals and bishops, who fill the balcony. After an audible prayer he arises, and elevating his hands to heaven, invokes a solemn benediction upon the multitude and the people committed to his charge. Every head uncovers; the soldiers, and many of the spectators, kneel on the pavement to receive the blessing. It is given with impressive solemnity, but with little of gesture or parade. Immediately the thundering of cannon from the castle of St Angelo, and the peal of bells from St Peter's, proclaim the joyful tidings. The pope is borne out, and the people rise from their knees."

It is proper to add, the interior of St Peter's, of which an engraving is annexed, is in happy keeping with its external magnificence. "So admirable," says an architectural contemporary, "are all the proportions of this building, and so wonderfully adapted are the ornaments, that the first view of St Peter's seldom excites astonishment; it is only when the details are entered upon that this feeling bursts upon the mind. Thirteen chapels are contained within, each boasting works of art of the greatest men that have lived in the tide of time. In the first chapel stands the work of Michael Angelo, 'the Statue of Piety'; and there is situate 'the tomb of Christina of Sweden.' In the second chapel is one of the great masterpieces of the world, 'St Sebastian,' by Domenichino. In the third chapel is 'St Jerome,' by Domenichino; 'the Deposition,' by Caravaggio. In the fourth is a 'Mosaic,' by Pietro Subleyras, of exquisite workmanship. The fifth contains 'the Erasmus of Fouassin.' The sixth 'the St Petronilla of Guercino.'

The seventh is 'St Peter's Chair,' supported by four statues, each twenty-two feet in height, in bronze, executed by Bernini. Eighth, the picture of 'St Peter curing the Lame,' by Mancini. The ninth, 'St Peter,' by Guido; 'St Francis,' by Domenichino.

The tenth is 'the Clementine Chapel.' The eleventh has the beautiful picture of 'the Conception,' by Bianchi. The twelfth has 'the Tomb of the last of the Stuart Family,' by Canova; and in the thirteenth is 'the Baptism of St John,' by Carlo Maratti.



RELICS OF LONDON.—No. XV.

OLD INSCRIPTIONS.

If an ancient ruin be interesting to the eye of the antiquary, suggesting to him a hundred pleasing reflections and exciting vague speculations as to its origin and purpose, how welcome is the rude inscription or coarse sculpture which throws light upon local history. How anxiously is each obliterated figure traced—how careful is the examination of each defaced initial. The lost outline is restored by fancy; word after word is discovered; and at length the triumph of the antiquary is complete—the entire inscription is deciphered. But there are few of our city inscriptions which require such close examination. They are

cut deep and indelible in stone tablets, and, save the rather antiquated fashion of the letters, might be mistaken, at a cursory glance, for announcements of the "whereabouts" of the nearest fire-plug, or topographical description of the extent and boundaries of some private freehold—landmarks often to be met with in the city. There is nothing venerable about them; they are unconnected with any interesting ruin; their origin too obscure to have been preserved, and the buildings, of which they at one time formed part, swept away and forgotten.

We closed our last pilgrimage at Dolly's Beef-steak House, and from the same spot we may commence the present by noticing the inscription which attracts our atten-

tion as we pass through Pannier alley. Seated on a pannier (which gives name to the thoroughfare) is a naked boy, probably Bacchus, holding under his heel a bunch of grapes. Beneath this sculpture is the couplet

"WHEN Y^e HAVE SOUGH:
THE CITT^y ROVND
YET STILL THIS IS
Y^e HIGHS: GROVND
AVGVST THE 27
1668."

This tablet is supposed to have been the sign of a tavern which probably occupied the site previous to the great fire, as Stowe, in his Survey, mentioning "Panyar alley," adds "called of such a sign." It is at present fixed in the wall of a house, two or three feet above the footpath.

By some this figure has been considered emblematic of plenty, and is believed to have once held in its hands a bunch of grapes; but Hughson supposes it the sign of one "Henry Prannel, citizen and vintner." Pennant imagines it to have been originally a sepulchral monument removed from some adjoining church, but, from the peculiar appropriateness of the inscription, it is probable it still retains its original position.

Traversing "the Row," and passing through Warwick lane, so called from its having been the residence of the Earls of Warwick, we may find another inscription at the Newgate street extremity. It is a stone tablet embedded in the side wall of a shop at about the height of the first-floor windows; and bears a full-length effigy of Guy, Earl of Warwick, with the date 1668 "at the top, and the initials "C. C." at the side. Beneath the original sculpture is the modern addition, "Restored 1817. I. Deykes, Architect. Pennant's London, 4th Edition, 492." The resemblance between this sculpture and the miniature of the Earl in Guy's Cliff Chapel is said to be very striking.

On the opposite side of Newgate street, and over the entrance to Bull Head court, is a third tablet of stone, on which are represented William Evans, the giant porter of Charles I, and by his side, in ludicrous contrast, Geoffrey Hudson, the King's dwarf. The stone also bears the inscription "M. P. A. The King's Porter and Dwarf." The wall in which it is fixed appears to be coeval with the tablet, and is built of the red bricks of the seventeenth century.

In the front wall of No. 6 Lower Thames street is another stone tablet, on which is finely carved the figure of a bear, to the neck of which is attached a long chain, and in the foliage which surmounts it, the date may be detected - 1670. This piece of sculpture is supposed to have been the sign of some ancient inn, but is at present fixed in the front wall of a recently built wharf.

These, and three figures in front of the house No. 15 Bucklersbury, are the most ancient inscriptions now existing in the streets of London; but he who would see such relics in greater variety and of greater interest should seek the dreary walls of some of the Tower dungeons. The autographs and inscriptions which line those famous cells have become parts of our history; those just noticed are nothing more than "curious."

ALEXANDER ANDREWS.

THE MOON-SEEKER.

A TALE FROM THE GERMAN, BY LUDWIG TIECK.

LOUIS TO HIS UNCLE.

(Continued from last week.)

WHILST Rosa spoke and related all, I had taken one of her hands, which I tenderly pressed. She returned the pressure, and rising, said, smiling almost roguishly, "So you are also audacious enough to love me?"

"Unspeakably," I replied, "for even the poet has no words for this feeling. But you - is it as I imagine, that you are destined for the Marquis?"

"People say and think many things," answered Rosa; "accompany me now towards home, but only so far as yonder tree, that no one may see me with you."

We proceeded silently. "You know," she at length said, "that Hussa, who was burnt on account of the doctrines of Wickliffe, at first was his most violent opponent?"

"Yes," returned I; "but what is it you mean?"

"Well," she replied, "to-morrow or the next day you shall have the explanation. But how could you possibly have been hitherto so blind?"

"Another riddle!" I exclaimed.

"Unbeliever!" said she, "he faints in the wood, and knows not that I have long loved him!"

"Rosa!" I exclaimed, startled with delight. She suffered the embrace and the kiss, and then said joyously, "Now, good night, and mind you sleep soundly." She hastened forwards, and once turned round to wave her hand.

When I again visited the house poor Lidia appeared as though crushed, and scarcely ventured to show herself. As inexperienced youth is more confident in the difficult positions of life than men, who know the world better, even so, when humiliated, it is far more dejected and shattered than the former.

Jenny, who remarked that Rosa and I understood each other, kept quite apart

from me, and, as if to annoy me, almost always appeared with some French author in her hand.

It was some days before I again had an opportunity of speaking alone and confidentially with my beloved Rosa. She was as merry as usual, and laughed at my embarrassment. She was glad that I felt so happy, but derided my ecstasy, which knew not how to express itself. In conversation it was with difficulty that I could restrain my tears, and everything, even the most trifling matters that she uttered, moved me inexpressibly. We entered the garden and seated ourselves in the arbour. The family was paying a visit, so that we could reckon on being long undisturbed.

After some time, Rosa said, "I hope Lidia is now quite safe from the attempts of that wretched man. She perceives her error, and has faithfully, and with tears, promised to inform me of anything further that may arise. My letter seems to have frightened away the officer, since he fears the arrival of my passionate father, who will not remain away much longer."

I was startled by the last words. "O, dearest Rosa," I exclaimed, "what can we hope from your father?"

"Little or nothing," she replied; "he is the most passionate of men, and what he has once determined no power on earth can drive him from."

"And he would not countenance our love?" I asked timidly.

"My dear Ferdinand," answered Rosa, "he sent yonder old Marquis here with full permission to seek amongst us sisters the one who would best suit him as a wife. Much as I kept in the background, much as I acted the prude, and capricious as I appeared, still the old fellow was better pleased with me than with my sisters, and I am the chosen one. I have also already observed that the cavalier, who does everything in the most regular manner, has informed my father of his choice and determination. Alas! dear Ferdinand, life is a variegated, merry, contrary thing; and if it often presses so heavily on you men that you scream from the pain of the wounds, it presses us women even unto death."

"O Rosa," said I, "how novel is all this to me, that I belong to you, and you acknowledge my love, that you comprehend my nature, that you will be mine."

She did not withdraw from my embrace, and only said: "But how distant everything seems. If you are what I take you for, you will perhaps find ways and means to effect that which appears to me impossible. I have observed that the suit which was the occasion of my father's going to Italy has not proceeded as he wished; if, therefore, you are not richer than the Marquis, my father will always be opposed

to you, exclusive of his having already given his word to the old fright."

An hour or two passed in conversations of the like nature, and at length I asked: "What did you mean lately, dearest, with your Wickliffe and Huss?"

She laughed and said, after a pause: "Forgive me if I perhaps vex you; but from the first day it struck me as being ridiculous that you should hope to make a proselyte of my sister Jenny, and explain to her the beauties of the German literature. Good and kind as the girl is, she never had much inclination for books. We had taken it into our heads that the Germans, although they possessed a great king and a great general in their Frederick, could not boast of any poet. Then you arrived—a fine, well-dressed, talkative sentimentalist, with your German books. I spoke, I scolded, I fought for my Frenchmen, with whom, in spite of their polished language, my time passed very tediously. You commenced your reading, and I heard at a distance, often only in passing through the room, single lines, words, passages."

That which I heard was unlike everything I had formerly been acquainted with. And your enthusiasm!"

"Proceed," said I, sunning myself in her beautiful eyes.

"Yes," she continued, blushing, "was it astonishing that, at first, Huss would not read the writings of Wickliffe, that he avoided them with the greatest abhorrence, and afterwards could not otherwise satiate his admiration of and enthusiasm for the same, than by suffering himself to be burnt at the stake for those very doctrines which he had at first cursed. One should avoid hatred as much as violent love, for how often is it only a concealed love, which does not yet know itself. In the night I stole the books from my sister, which she read without understanding them, and—"

"What ails you, dearest?" I inquired tenderly, as the beautiful girl suddenly burst into tears.

"Let me be, Ferdinand," she replied, "my heart is too full. I knew not, I could not have thought it possible, that such poetry existed in the language as your admired Goethe displays. I could almost laugh as I picture to myself how drily Jenny sat before his pages; they might just as well have contained Chinese characters. And you seated next her! so enthusiastic, so good-naturedly explaining, and endeavouring to impress the sense, which cannot be expressed in words, upon her torpid mind. Without knowing or remarking it, my undying love glided from the poet to his illustrator. There is nothing more beautiful, more touching, than a noble mind knowing, in its youthful enthusiasm, no higher task than imparting to others that which completely fills his

intoxicated heart, and making them participators in the happiness he himself experienced. Shall I confess it, Ferdinand, it was this that won my heart. You heard; you saw me not; you regarded all, even the most absurd things that I said to you, as earnest, and punished me, although not with words, with looks which seemed to despise my littleness. Each day you became dearer to me, but I avoided letting you perceive it. I was too proud, and used every exertion not to betray myself. You might have thought that my admiration of your poet was intended to storm your heart, although it would have pleased you had I given vent to all that I thought of your favourite, especially as I saw how much you strove to convert Jenny, who is incapable of all belief."

* * *

Thus we at length understood each other. It pleases, and at the same time agonizes me, to recal all this. Those happy days seem to return and greet me sorrowfully.

After many conversations, plans, and doubts, I at length resolved to apply to the uncle in Rolle, who was kind and friendly, and quite enraged at the idea of Rosa being sacrificed to the old worn-out Marquis.

Rosa went to visit him under the pretence of a change of air. Under his protection we were wedded, and the marriage was kept secret; even the mother knew nothing of it.

O! those heavenly days and weeks! Nephew, the whole relation of this history has deeply moved me.

* * *

I will proceed and conclude; and yet it requires courage to do so, for even now, old as I am, it lacerates my heart.

* * *

I cannot detail my misfortune circumstantially; it is strange that I could have gone so far.

The excuses which had delayed Rosa's stay in Rolle were at length quite exhausted. She was forced to return, and I accompanied her.

The magnificent lake, the view of Nyon in the clearest and finest weather, all appeared dull and colourless. The nearer we approached home the heavier became my heart.

With what feelings did I regard the mother! But how did my brain whirl, as, on the following day, Lidia had vanished. She had fled with the drunken officer, who had found means to see her again, and to rekindle her passion. I appeared to myself, with my overwhelming secret, to be no better than that wretched man, whom I had so heartily despised.

The father returned. A violent charac-

ter, who stormed at everything, and even allowed himself to be worked into a fury by trifles. Should we discover ourselves to him, who never listened to reason? Of what use was it that I was independent, possessed of property, and the descendant of an old and good family? All this had had its effect on the mild uncle, as he saw our love and passion; but the untractable brother took no heed of this. He stormed and raved, and his customary, irrational anger was more violent, as he had lost his suit, and consequently been a heavy sufferer by it.

Rosa was locked up, all access to her denied me, and no notice taken of a most grievous letter from me. I sought for comfort and help in Rolle, and wished to make use of the authorities, or carry away my wife by stealth or force from her father's house. We proposed many plans, and took counsel of many noted lawyers.

We had arranged everything; the uncle accompanied me; but, on reaching the house, it was closed. House and grounds had been hastily sold under the price, and the family had gone, no one knew whither.

My distress threw me on a sick bed. Weeks and months passed; the old man tended me as though I had been his son. As my senses began to be restored I was so weak that all that had happened appeared like a dream. In this shadowy state of existence the worthy old man ventured to communicate to me the contents of a letter, which in the mean time he had secretly received from the mother. She was afraid, on account of her husband's anger, to name the place where she lived; but Rosa had died of grief and despair, and the old Marquis had married Jenny. Lidia and her husband had returned to the paternal abode and been forgiven.

I longed for death, but the torpid state of all the springs of life saved me.

Man can endure much. Great as was my agony, I still reflect with pleasure on those weeks, the most delightful of my life.

* * *

(To be continued next week.)

Lord Chief Justice Holt.—When Holt was Lord Chief Justice he committed some enthusiasts to prison. The next day one Lacy went to his house and asked to speak with him, asserting that he was sent by the Lord. When he had obtained admittance, "I come," said he, "from the Lord, commanding thee to grant a *noli prosequi* to his faithful servants whom thou hast committed to prison."—"Thou canst not certainly have come from the Lord," replied Holt, "for he would have sent thee to the Attorney-General, knowing very well I cannot grant thy command. Thou art a false prophet, and shall go and keep thy friends company in prison."



Arms. Per pale, ermine and ermines on a chevron, charged with five lozenges, counter-changed between three fleur-de-lis or, counterchanged.

Crest. A cat a mountain, segant, guardant ppr., bezantee resting his paw upon a shield, az., charged with a mace, erect, surmounted with a regal crown, or, for Speaker of the House of Commons, within a bordure, engr., argent.

Supporters. Dexter, a stag, ermines gorged with a chain, pendant therefrom a key, all or; sinister, a stag, ermine chain and key like the dexter.

Motto. *Libertas sub rege pio.* "Liberty under a pious king."

THE NOBLE HOUSE OF SIDMOUTH.

THE Addington family has but recently been ennobled. In place of a long line of ancestors it presents us with the shining talents of the present wearer of the title, the first Viscount Sidmouth.

His Lordship's father was Anthony Addington, of Trinity College, Oxford, M.D., an eminent physician at Reading, in Berkshire, who died in 1790.

Henry, his eldest son, now Viscount Sidmouth, was born in 1756. He was placed at Cheam, in Surrey, under the care of the Reverend Mr Gilpin, thence he went to Winchester. He pursued his studies with great assiduity and success under Dr Warton and Dr Huntingford. In 1774 he entered Brazen-nose College, Oxford, whence, being intended for the bar, he passed to the Inner Temple, where he remained till 1781, at which period he married Ursula Mary, daughter and co-heir of Leonard Hammond, Esq., of Cheam, son of William Hammond, Esq., formerly M.P. for Southwark.

Mr Addington, in 1784, became a Member of Parliament for Devizes, which place he continued to represent many years. In the month of June, 1789, he was chosen Speaker of the House of Commons. Thus placed at the head of the Commons of England, he filled the high office to which he had been appointed with great dignity. He was unanimously re-elected in the three succeeding Parliaments; in 1790, 1796, and 1801.

In the last-mentioned year, when Mr Pitt went out of office, Mr Addington accepted the situation of First Lord of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer. These offices he retained till May, 1804.

He was raised to the Peerage Jan. 12, 1805, by the title of Viscount Sidmouth, of Sidmouth, in the county of Devon. In the same month he succeeded the Duke of Portland as President of the Council,

which office he resigned in the month of July. In January, 1806, he was appointed Lord Privy Seal. That office he only held till the Autumn of the same year, when he was again appointed Lord President of the Council. Subsequently the Noble Viscount became Secretary of State for the Home Department; an important office which he held during a very stormy period. The Home Secretary who discharges his duty with courage and determination in such times must always be in a certain degree unpopular. Such was the fate of Lord Sidmouth. He, however, serenely pursued "his onward course," never for a moment conceding to menace what policy and duty commanded him to withhold. Numerous attacks were made upon him during his official career, and perhaps nothing can more distinctly testify to his general integrity than the fact that his weapon on which his assailants most relied to wound his feelings, and lower him in the estimation of his countrymen, was the reiteration of the formidable and unanswerable charge, that his father was a Doctor! His speeches in Parliament, if not distinguished by those brilliant flashes which gave others fame, were often models of purity of style, just and manly feeling, and sound argument. His lordship has for many years withdrawn from public affairs. He is High Steward of Westminster and Reading; Recorder of Devizes; Governor of the Charter house; and Deputy Ranger of Richmond park.

Loss of the Pegasus.—Mr Elton, the tragedian, has prematurely made his exit from life. He was on board the 'Pegasus' when she sunk, and, with about fifty others, perished. A widow and seven children remain to deplore his loss. He was treasurer and chairman of the minor theatrical fund. A subscription is to be opened for his family, and Mr Dickens is moving in the work of charity.

VOLTAIC ELECTRICITY.

July 19th, 1843.

SIR,—You did me the favour to notice a recent discovery which I made in reference to the electrical condition of the iron pipes of the metropolis. Since that notice was published, I am given to understand by two gentlemen, upon whose veracity I place implicit confidence, that Mr Bain made a verbal communication to them, some two or three months back, of a similar discovery made by himself, and therefore, although mine was made totally independent of Mr Bain, still, in justice to him, and in consequence of the above representation, I am most anxious not to withhold from him the priority in reference to the date of the discovery. Your kind insertion of the above will greatly oblige, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

GEO. H. BACHHOFFNER.

A MOCK SUNS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MIRROR.

SIR,—The unusual phenomenon of mock suns was seen at Nottingham, Derby, and other places on the afternoon of the 16th of last month. The following are the particulars as I noticed them at Derby:—

The morning was very fine and hot; sky clear of clouds, except a few linear cirri; barometer gradually falling at nine A.M.; it was 30.041 inches; thermometer in shade, 64°; wind's force 2, or a slight breeze from the east.

At a little past three P.M., the sun exhibited a most remarkable appearance. At 3h. 10m. wind N.E., thin linear cirri pass over head, and converge in E. and W.; few cumuli in S. I first noticed a very brilliant ring round the sun; its colour is pale silver externally; internally it is darker and golden. The radius of the ring was about 20°. A mock sun on each side touches the outer edge of this ring, and throws out rays horizontally in the opposite direction to the sun.

3h. 15m. Another ring has appeared, touching the former ring at its summit, whose radius is about 25°; the colour of this ring is the same as the former, only rather fainter, particularly at the lower part. At the highest and lowest parts of the first-mentioned ring are very bright lights of an oblong form, externally of an orange red colour, and internally of a pale silver.

3h. 20m. The inner ring is still very brilliant, although the mock suns had disappeared.

3h. 25m. The inner ring is much brighter, and a mock sun has again appeared on the left side: the other did not re-appear.

3h. 30m. Mock sun is very bright.

3h. 33m. Mock sun again throws out rays horizontally opposite the sun.

3h. 35m. Thermometer in shade 74°; barometer 30.032 inches; wind E., light breeze.

3h. 36m. The oblong lights are nearly as bright as the sun itself.

3h. 37m. An inverted rainbow has appeared, which has all the seven colours,—red inmost; comoid and linear cirri pass over head, and converge in E. and W. as before; cirri rising in W.

3h. 38m. Mock sun is of a red colour.

3h. 55m. The inverted rainbow has vanished.

4h. 5m. Mock sun is very bright and red; the rings have nearly vanished, but the oblong lights are brighter than ever.

4h. 30m. The mock sun has vanished, leaving the oblong lights as bright as before: these continued until 5h. 10m., when they vanished.

8h. 16m. Sunset very red; the sky is cloudless, except a few cirro-cumuli in S.S.W.; barometer 29.025°; thermometer in shade 69°; wind N.E. by E., force 4, or slight breeze.

9h. 0m. (P.M.) Warm evening; thermometer in shade 65°; barometer 30.03 inches; wind, a light breeze N.N.E.; cumuli rising in W.; heavy dew.

11h. 0m. (P.M.) Sky overcast with cirri strati, which continued all night.

Yours, &c.,

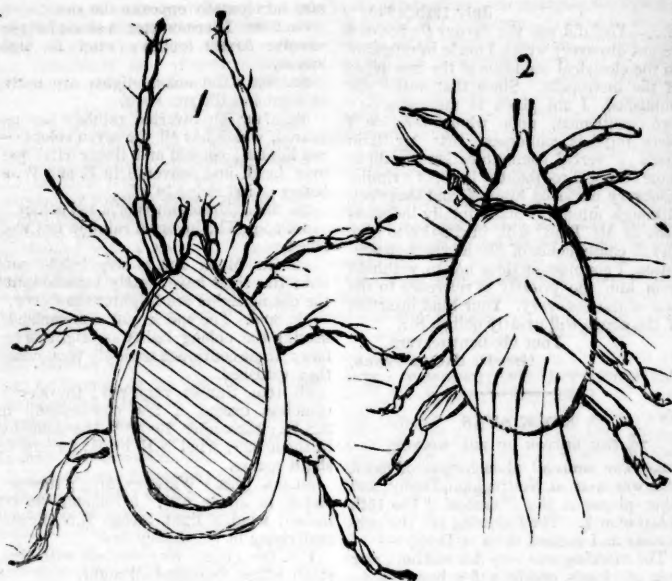
E. J. LOWE.

High Field House,
Lenton, Nottinghamshire, June 29.

HUMANUS ACARUS, OR MITE OF THE HUMAN BODY.

THIS insect (of which Gmelin, in his last edition of Linneus's System, reckons eighty-two species) was recently discovered by Mr Sievier in a mummy.

It differs from the cheese mite, or from that called the *Acarus Crossii*, which was produced by Mr Crosse after passing a galvanic current for a period of eleven weeks upon calcined flints. The cheese mites are usually transparent; they have a small head, and sharp snout, and a mouth like a mole, with two small eyes; their legs vary in number, being six or eight; each leg has six joints, surrounded with hairs, with two claws at each extremity. The *Acarus Crossii* differs from the cheese mite and the meal mite by the absence of the false coxal joint, and of the two longest and most slender joints, which precede the tarsus or terminal joint; it also differs in having its body shorter, of a more oval form, and more bent, and in having its back covered with long and numerous hairs. It is said more nearly to resemble the *Acarus dimidiatus* of Herman, but to differ in wanting the short hairs which



cover the surface of the eight limbs of the latter. The subjects of our present article, (for there are two) differ greatly from each other, as may be seen by inspecting the two drawings. The one represented by the drawing, No. 1, is about the size of a very small pin's head; the other is scarcely visible to the naked eye. The latter greatly resembles the *Acarus*, found by Mr Crosse and Mr Weekes during their Electrical Experiments. Writing from memory, for we have not before us at the present moment a specimen of the latter, the resemblance is very marked. There is the same general character in the articulation and termination of the legs, and the same peculiar hairy appearances. Our readers may be aware that the engravings of the *Acari Crossei* which has appeared in other publications, were copies of a drawing taken from a dead specimen by Mr Turpin; but they are not perhaps aware that the irregular distribution of hair, there shown, is not in accordance with the appearance presented by the living species. In the latter there is great regularity in the distribution of the hair, which is especially the case with the creature now under consideration. It is matter of much interest to observe the universality of animal life; without attempting to be wise above measure, and accounting for things which are

at present beyond our powers, or imagining causes when the cause is hidden from our eyes; without wandering in wild mazes to discover whence these creatures come, and how they obtain entry into the human remains, were myriads of them now find their universe, it is worthy of notice that here, as elsewhere, wherever there is *pabulum* to sustain a microscopic world, there will a microscopic world be found. A pinch of the mummy dust is a living mass,—a little world of happy creatures,—for happy they are if activity and animation are any signs of happiness,—generation after generation may have succeeded each other, their birth-place being the tomb in the stupendous pyramid, which no human step had trodden for ages, and where no ray of sun had entered since the mortal remains were first consigned to it; and judging from appearances the race had so multiplied as to have consumed the great mass of the embalmed body in which they exist. They have baffled all the devices of the ancient artist, and triumphed over his skill by converting into dust and rottenness that which he intended to endure for ever.

These specimens, of which correct representations are given, were taken from the inside of a human mummy. They are found most plentiful about the spine, and the larger specimen, marked No. 1, is to

be seen about the bones, while the smaller seems to be in the muscle. The larger is seen to prey upon the smaller; the specimen No. 1, is semi-transparent, and has on the back a case or incrustation; it is exceedingly swift in its motion.

The form which has been preserved some two or three thousand years must, through the instrumentality of these tiny invaders, soon be resolved into its original elements. Nature has obviously, as was lately shown in a lecture by Dr Gregory, provided for the destruction as well as the sustenance of our mortal persons. Were it otherwise—had the bodies of the countless millions, who have lived, been preserved in their original dimensions, where would the living men of the nineteenth century have found room to bestow themselves?

ANIMAL STRUCTURE AS REGARDS LIFE AND DEATH.

In a recent number of the 'Mirror' the results of important inquiries on the subject of animal structure, by Mr Turner, appeared. That able and successful expounder of nature has offered many other striking observations connected with important facts. A few of these we select for the gratification of our readers.

HUMAN BONES.

Taking the human skeleton, he compared it with the rest of the animal kingdom, which was divided into two great divisions, the invertebrated, the lowest division in the scale; and the vertebrated, or the highest division; and those divisions were not arbitrary, but founded upon most notorious facts in connexion with the organs contained in the animals included in each of them. The lowest in the invertebrated division was the sponge. The sponge which they used for domestic purposes had an organ of support; it was embedded in calcareous matter. Again, coral was earthy matter, the habitation of an animal, and an organ of support. The molluscos animals, and those inhabiting crusts, as the crab and the lobster, all of which had organs of support on the outside of their bodies. Now, the earthy matter in connexion with the sponge was dead; coral was dead; coral reefs and coral rocks, all these were the secretions from the little but interesting animals inhabiting them. What were all these composed of? Carbonate of lime. What were the bones of animals? Of the phosphate of lime principally. Why? Because the phosphate of lime is an ingredient admitting of greater cohesive affinity, a texture much stronger; and this, in connexion with the sulphate of lime, constituted the hardest material in the living body, and would last for ages in sepulchres as the memento of the dead. So that there was

not only a most important distinction between the invertebrated and vertebrated animals in the organs of support being situated externally and internally, but there was a difference of composition.

THE NATURE OF BONES.

Bone has been supposed to be of a solid texture. Science proves that it is not so. There enters into its composition two materials; the one an animal material, was called albumen, with gelatin; the other an earthy material, composed principally of the phosphate of lime. Those materials are incorporated with most beautiful accuracy, such as no art could effect, so as to produce, by similar substances, an organ so hard, strong, cohesive, and durable. The one (the earth) is given for density; the other is added to the hard parts to prevent brittleness and easy parture. The earthy matter can be abstracted by putting the bone in muriatic or sulphuric acid, diluted with water, which renders it so soft that it can be squeezed in the hand. A Madame Supiot, whose bones, through the effect of a disease which caused the removal of the earthy matter, were rendered so flexible that she could twist her arms in all directions, and even tie them together.

DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THE BONES OF THE YOUNG AND THE OLD.

In young persons the animal predominated over the earthy matter; whence it was, that the bones of children were often flexible, and, in case of accident from a fall or otherwise, would often bend, not break. This was on account of the paucity of the earthy matter in them. In old age, matters were reversed: there was, in this case, a predominance of earthy matter. In youth there existed flexibility and suppleness, because there was a preponderance of the soft over the hard textures; but this gradually became changed until in old age the reverse of this happened, an excess of the solids over the fluids, and thus rigidity took the place of suppleness; and this was the case not merely with regard to the bones, but they found similar changes to happen in all the other textures of the body.

ERRORS RESPECTING THE PAIN OF AMPUTATION.

It has been popularly supposed that, in the amputation of a limb, the sawing through of the bone was the most dreadful part of the operation: this is erroneous. The most painful part to cut through is the skin, which is endowed with the most exquisite sensibility, for the purpose of protecting the subjacent parts; and Sir Charles Bell, in his able work on the hand, said, "that this exquisite sensibility of the skin gave a safeguard equal to that given by the skin of the rhinoceros."

The following is very important:

PROGRESS OF TAKING STIMULANTS.

Mr Turner shows that the action of every stimulus is in the inverse ratio of the frequency of its application. An individual, for example, takes a glass of wine, never perhaps having taken a glass of wine before. What is the result? Head-ache and giddiness. Take another glass on the following day, and perhaps not so much headache as on the preceding. He goes on increasing the quantity by degrees, until a bottle, two bottles, or even three bottles, may be taken with comparative impunity.

Few of our readers perhaps are prepared for what follows. We generally supposed the consequences of hard drinking must eventually be fatal, though for a time they are not apparent. Mr Turner says, "Do not judge of the injury from the quantity taken, but from the effects; if intoxication were produced by a tablespoonful of wine, this small quantity was productive of as great an amount of mischief to the individual who took it, as three bottles would be to an individual who required that quantity in order to produce analogous effects. Instance the opium-eaters. The celebrated opium-eater, who had published a work as to his own experience in this practice, is said to have gone on from taking a few drops to taking 8,000 drops per day, which was equal to a pint of laudanum. Why, 80 or 100 drops to begin with, would probably produce death.

THE MOORISH KNIGHT AND THE CHRISTIAN PRINCESS.

With Galvan in his castle proud
Will Moriana play;
And both do name the Royal game
The time to while away.
Whene'er the Moor that game doth lose,
A city's loss is his;
But when the maid,—he's overpaid
Her lily hand to kiss.
Well pleased at length that fiery Moor
Hath laid him down to sleep—
When soon, I ween, a knight is seen
Among those mountains steep.
His eyes in tears, his feet in blood,
Full sorrowful is he!
For princess high this knight doth sigh,
Fair Moriana she,
She captive by the Moors was led
The morning of St John,
As pass'd the hours while gathering flowers
That in her garden shone.
And now her eyes the princess raised,—
That knight she knows full well!
With radiance shone the tears which on
The Moor's dark visage fell.
Up starteth Galvan hastily,
Who thus to say began:—
"Now, lady mine! what altheth thee?
Who wrong to thee hath done?"

If of a Moor thou dost complain,
The rash offender dies;
If of thy damsels, noble dame!
I them will soon chastise.
And if the Christians thee do harm,
My wrath on them shall light:
My glory is in war's alarm—
My pastime is to fight.
The flinty rock my couch doth claim;
I sleep with watchful eye!"—
"Not of thy brethren I complain;
No Moor for me must die:
Nor would I that my maidens good
Through me should suffer ill,
Nor would I that the Christians' blood
Again thy hands should spill.
But of this sorrow now so deep,
The truth to thee I vouch;
For know! among these mountains steep,
I saw a knight approach.
That knight, Sir Moor, full well I ween,
My own betroth'd is like."—
To raise his hand that Moor is seen,
That princess sad to strike.
His teeth which erst so white did show,
With gushing blood are red;
And at his beck his servants go,
That lady to behold.
And from the place where she must die,
Her lover she espies;
And in her mortal agony,
With tenderness she cries:
"My death I view—a Christian true—
Till now I ne'er confess'd,
That yon fair knight, my own delight,
Doth rule within my breast."

THE 'GREAT BRITAIN' STEAMER.

His Royal Highness Prince Albert and suite arrived at Bristol last week to witness the ceremony of launching this leviathan of the waves. Looking at the extraordinary size of the vessel and her engines, we can only exclaim, "what would our forefathers have said had such a vessel been spoken of?"—fool or madman would have been the name allotted to the projector. The burthen of the 'Great Britain,' which is entirely of iron, is 3,600 tons register. For the sake of contrast it may be well to mention that the tonnage of the 'Great Western' is 1,600 tons. The 'Great Britain' will carry double the quantity of the 'Great Western.' She will be propelled by engines of 1,000 horse power combined: the length from figure-head to taffarel is 322 feet, or 107 yards 1 foot; length of keel 289 feet; extreme width 50 feet 6 inches; she has four decks, the upper deck is flush, and is 308 feet long; the second deck consists of two promenade saloons, the aft or first 110 feet 6 inches by 23 feet, and the forward or second class, 67 feet by 21 feet 9 inches. The third deck consists of the dining saloons, the grand saloon measuring 96 feet 6 inches by 30 feet, and the se-

cond class 61 feet by 21 feet 9 inches. The whole of the saloons are 8 feet 3 inches high, and surrounded by sleeping berths, of which there are 26 with single beds, and 113 containing two, giving 252 berths. This large number is exclusive of the accommodation which could be prepared on the numerous sofas. The fourth deck is appropriated for the reception of cargo, of which 1,200 tons will be carried, in addition to 1,000 tons of coal. The engines and boilers occupy 80 feet in the middle of the vessel. The engine-room and the cooking establishment are in this part. There are three boilers, heated by 24 fires, which will contain 200 tons of water. There are four engines of 250 horse power each, the cylinders of which are 7 feet 4 inches in diameter. The chimney is 39 feet high, and 8 feet in diameter. She is fitted with 6 masts, the highest of which is 74 feet above deck. The quantity of canvas carried will be about 1,700 square yards; she will be fitted with the patent wire rigging; the hull is divided into four water-tight compartments; and the quantity of coal consumed will be about 60 tons per day; upwards of 1,500 tons of iron have been used in her construction and that of the engines and boilers; the draught of water, when laden, will be 16 feet, and the displacement about 3,200 tons, in addition to which she will be propelled by the screw instead of paddles; so that the whole vessel may be regarded as a great experiment of iron v. wood; screw v. paddle; and immense v. moderate length. She will also be fitted with very powerful pumps, which can throw off seven thousand gallons of water per minute. It is estimated that her total cost will be about 100,000*l*.

GARDENING HINTS.

The plants which now require attention preparatory to another season are pelargoniums. There is little skill required in growing a pelargonium, but there is some little art required to produce them in that style of excellence which is characteristic of the plants exhibited at the Chiswick and other horticultural fêtes. Few persons in the country can form any idea of the magnificence of the specimens grown by Messrs Cock, Catleugh, Gaines, and others. It must be admitted that there are plenty of gardeners who can produce luxuriant specimens, but we have but few cultivators who can procure a head of bloom commensurate with the size of the plants. The reason of this is that in our desire to grow large plants we lose sight of an important physiological law,—namely, that whatever conduces to luxuriant growth is unfavourable to the production of flowers, and *vice versa*; and hence prize cultivators never allow their plants to become gross and luxuriant in the season, but by potting

them in poor soil, and supplying them moderately with water, keep them in a healthy state. The effect of such treatment is the production of a great quantity of active roots, and the storing up of sap in a highly elaborated state, which, being brought into action by the increased light and heat of spring, is expended in the production of flowers instead of branches. For this reason it may be laid down as a rule of culture, that strong autumn-growing plants will not produce a fine head of bloom the following season, neither can any stimulus in the way of liquid manure induce them to do so.

This is the theory of the cultivation of the pelargonium, as exemplified in the management of the best cultivators. To apply it to practice—the plants that have done flowering must be turned out of the house and placed in the full sun, under a south wall, to ripen their wood previously to being cut down, and it will be well at the same time, if seed is not desired, to remove the whole of the flower stems, but retaining as much of the foliage as possible. In cutting the plants down the amateur must be governed by circumstances, such as the sized plants he wants in the coming season, and the convenience he has at hand for large specimens. As a general rule I should never recommend the growth of large specimens; small ones in 32 or 24 sized pots are far more interesting, and there is quite as much merit in producing them of that as of a larger size; that is, if they are grown as plants ought to be, with the branches depending over the side, and hiding the greater part of the pot. After the plants are cut down they must be placed in a shady place until the forwardest young shoots are one inch long, at which time they must be shaken out and repotted into small pots, using sandy loam and peat only, and placing the plants in a close, cold frame until they begin to grow again; after which they must be fully exposed to the weather until the approach of frost renders it necessary to house them for the winter.—*Gardeners' Chronicle*.

MARRIAGE OF THE LATE DUKE OF SUSSEX TO LADY AUGUSTA MURRAY.

His late Royal Highness was married in 1793 to Lady Augusta Murray. Before the usual church ceremony was performed, the following contract or promise was given by the Royal Duke:—

"On my knees, before God our Creator, I, Augustus Frederick, promise thee, Augusta Murray, and swear on the Bible, as I hope for salvation in the world to come, that I will take thee, Augusta Murray, for my wife, for better for worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love and to cherish till death do us part,

to love but thee only and none other ; and may God forget me if I ever forget thee. The Lord's name be praised ! So bless me, so bless us, O God ! And with my handwriting do I, Augustus Frederick, this sign, March 21, 1793, at Rome, and put my seal to it and my name.

(Signed) "AUGUSTUS FREDERICK."

The lady gave a similar paper, duly signed, and headed by the following lines in the handwriting of his Royal Highness :—

"As this paper is to contain the mutual promise of marriage between Augustus Frederick and Augusta Murray, our mutual names must be put herein, and both kept in my possession. It is a promise neither of us can break, and is made before God our Creator and All-merciful Father."

DOCTORS BEWARE !*

THE publication before us is not a mere argument—it is a statement of facts. Not content with defending their own practices the writers carry the war into the enemy's country, and with a degree of spirit, supported by a strong column of cases, which it will require a demonstration and careful accumulation of evidence on the part of their opponents to repel.

We have no interest in the question—no private or especial interest we mean ; for who among the host of men, aware of a hundredth part of "all the ills which flesh is heir to," can say that he has no interest in the question, whether when he is sick he shall be dealt with in a way which, with great pain or annoyance, promises restoration to health, or be subjected to extreme misery and revolting treatment, at last to end in permanent decrepitude or death !

The book is dedicated to the Marquis of Anglesey, who is mentioned as one of the patients having largely profited from this hydropathic treatment at the new establishment at Malvern ; and Messrs Wilson and Gully say they have to "hail the accession to the principles and practice of the Water Cure, of such men as Mr Herbert Mayo, the senior surgeon of the Middlesex hospital, Mr Courtney, surgeon, R. N., Dr Smethurst, Dr Johnson, Sir Charles Scudamore, and Dr Freeman." They dwell on the reluctances to admit important changes in the medical art, and illustrate this by quoting Lord Wharncliffe on the treatment which Lady Mary Montague experienced in the last half century for subjecting her own child to inoculation. They say—

"Let her biographer and descendant Lord Wharncliffe speak on this point : 'Lady Mary protested that in the four or five years imme-

diately succeeding her arrival at home, she seldom passed a day without repenting of her patriotic undertaking ; and she vowed she never would have attempted it, if she had foreseen the vexation, the persecution, and even the obloquy, it brought upon her. The clamour raised against the practice, and of course against her, were beyond belief. The faculty all rose in arms to a man, foretelling failure and the most disastrous consequences ; the clergy descanted from their pulpits on the impiety of thus seeking to take events out of the hands of Providence ; and the common people were taught to hoot at her as an unnatural mother, who had risked the lives of her own children. We now read in grave medical biography, that the discovery was instantly hailed, and the method adopted by the principal members of the profession. Very likely they left this recorded : for whenever an invention or a project, and the same may be said of persons, has made its way so well by itself as to establish a certain reputation, most people are sure to find out that they always patronized it from the beginning, and a happy gift of forgetfulness enables many to believe their own assertion. But what said Lady Mary of the actual fact and time ? Why, 'that the four great physicians deputed by government to watch the progress of her daughter's inoculation, betrayed not only such incredulity as to its success, but such an unwillingness to have it succeed, such an evident spirit of rancour and malignity, that she never cared to leave the child alone with them one second, lest it should in some secret way suffer from their interference.' So that it would appear that whilst the professional masses rose in arms, the great physicians of the day were open to the suspicion of tampering with a child's safety, in order to back a prejudice against a treatment of which they had no experience, and which they denounced with all the virulence of unreasoned opinions and unfounded reports. Precisely the case of the great physicians—to which add some surgeons—of this day with reference to the Water cure ! great by courtesy of language, but not great enough in fact of candour and magnanimity to be trusted with a patient in the crisis of the water treatment."

A Dr Silvester, who is opposed to the new mode of treatment, speaks of a case in which the patient, finding boils come out on his person, came home from the Rhine. Then Dr Silvester says—

"Every effort was made to restore the debilitated constitution of the patient ; but in vain."

Our authors proceed—

"Few words ! but quite sufficient to convey to our minds, who know a trifle about the minutie of drug treatment, a long list of irritating stimulants applied to the internal organs 'to restore the debilitated constitution.' What mercury, what quinine, what opium and camphor, what ammonia, and what wine is there not implied in this restoration 'of the debilitated constitution !' But this 'blazon may not be' to the uninitiated. The

* 'Danger of the Cold Water Cure.'

object being to connect the death of the patient with the Water cure, 'this deponent' dwelleth only on the boils and the fatal termination, and 'saith not' of the intervening treatment. Yet some suspicion seems to have crossed his mind, that something besides the water may have contributed to the fatal event: why else does he finish his bald record of the case with this significant query:— 'The patient sank a victim, shall I say, to the water cure?'

"No! we answer, you shall not. Nor you, nor any other practiser of drug medication have the right to cast upon the Water cure the mischief which that medication inflicts upon the patient whose system is labouring to rid itself of internal disease. Had the patient remained where he was on the Rhine, avoided stimulants, and kept the boils constantly moistened with lint pledgets wetted with cold water, we should have beheld a very different termination of his case. But if, whilst the systematic efforts at relief are at their height, a patient thinks fit to undergo all the worry and turmoil of some four hundred miles travelling; and if at the end of his journey he is submitted to all manner of internal stimulation and irritation, under the plea of 'restoring a debilitated constitution,' it strikes us that we have at least an equal, if not a better right to say, 'the patient sank a victim, shall we say, to the drug treatment?'"

PEACE FOR WALES AND JUSTICE FOR IRELAND.

From day to day astounding tales
Arrive from Ireland and from Wales
Portending future slaughters.
How shall we silence these great guns?—
Compel O'Connell and his sons
To wed Rebecca and her daughters.

The Gatherer.

Ennis Legends.—Paddy O'Brien will point to the particular crag upon which a beautiful foal was reposing, when that indescribable monster called the Mochteedee, rose from the deep, scaled the cliff, and would have devoured the foal but for its dam, "who made a rush at the cratur, and kicked him claneinto the say." Nor will he fail pointing out where, under the troubled sea, lies the ill-fated island of Kylestafeen, waiting for its disenchantment "barring a little bit of it called the Munasthir, or Temple, on which the sea breaks every day in the year." The legend goes on to record that once in every seven years the island, with its fine city, rises for a single moment to the surface of the ocean, and then if any one can throw but a handful of earth upon it without so much as drawing his breath, the spell will be broken, and Kylestafeen re-established in its pristine glory. O'Brien will tell you that the women of the city (often seen under the

clear waters) are dark and beautiful, and wearred mantles; and he will also tell you that he has a friend who saw a person who told him he knew another person who declared most solemnly he had seen both the men and women of the city walking in the streets.—*Correspondent in the Athenaeum.*

General Perofski.—The description given by Shakspeare, not Mr William, but Sir Richmond Shakspeare, of a Russian general is rather startling. He pictures General Perofski—"A man like a snake (a slender figure in green uniform), of black complexion, yellow eyes, and a coat covered with ducats."

State of the English Peerage.—In 1603 (accession of James I), there were only 1 marquis, 16 earls, 2 viscounts, and 40 barons in the English peerage—total 59; while in 1843 (reign of Victoria), there are 3 princes, 27 dukes, 33 marquises, 169 earls, 39 viscounts, and 157 barons—total 428.

Westminster School.—It is stated that the Right Rev. Dr Carey, Bishop of St Asaph, has lately placed in the hands of trustees the sum of 20,000*l.* for the benefit, after the death of his Lordship and Mrs Carey, of students elected from Westminster to Christ Church, Oxford.

A Veto.—"Pa," said an interesting juvenile to an indulgent sire, "Pa, haven't I got a veto as well as the President?" "No, my child." "Yes, I have, Pa; my fifth toe is a V-toe, I reckon." "Thomas, take that boy to his mother—he's ruined!" —*New York paper.*

Lead in a Stomach.—At the destruction of the Eddystone Lighthouse by fire, Dec. 4, 1755, while one of the men was looking up with the utmost attention to see the direction and success of the water thrown, a quantity of lead, dissolved by the heat of the flames, suddenly rushed like a torrent from the roof, and fell not only on the man's head, face, and shoulders, but over his clothes; and a part of it made its way through his shirt-collar, and very much burnt his neck and shoulder; from this moment he had a violent internal sensation, and imagined that a quantity of this lead had passed down his throat. His name was Henry Hall, and though aged 94 years, being of a good constitution, he was remarkably active, considering his time of life. He had invariably told the surgeon who attended him (Dr Spry of Plymouth) that if he would do anything effectual to his recovery, he must relieve his stomach from the lead, which he was sure was within him. The reality of the assertion seemed incredible to Dr Spry. The man did not show any symptoms of being much worse, or of amendment, till the sixth day, when he was thought to be better. He constantly took his medicines, and swallowed many things, both liquid and solid, till the tenth and eleventh days, after

which he suddenly grew worse; and on the twelfth, being seized with cold sweats and spasms, he expired. On opening the stomach, Dr Spry found therein a piece of solid lead of a flat oval form, which weighed seven ounces and five drachms.

Thunder-storm.—The 'Sherborne Mercury' gives an account of violent thunder which visited that neighbourhood on the 13th.—The effects of the storm were most destructively felt at Marshull. Several labourers engaged in the fields, haymaking, had taken shelter from the storm under a tree with a waggon load of hay, and were struck by the electric fluid. One of them was killed on the spot, another struck blind, and four, with one woman, very seriously injured. The waggon and hay were entirely consumed, and the whole ground torn up as though a plough had passed through it. The storm was accompanied by a fall of hailstones of an extraordinary size.

International Copyright Question.—From one of the strongholds of the piracy has come out an accession to the army of reformers. One of the leading houses of publication in Brussels, Messrs Famar and Co., has petitioned for the abolition of literary piracy; and announced its determination to have no other competition with French publishers than that which aims at the relative perfection of the original works produced in the respective countries.

Murder prompted by Painting.—The discovery of painting in oil colours led to a most cruel murder. Dominica Beccafumi imparted the secret to Andrea del Casagno, who, eager to be the sole possessor of such a treasure, assassinated his friend and benefactor. On his death-bed the horrors of guilt overtook him; he made a public confession of his crime.—*Arts and Artists.*

First English Races.—James VI was the first who established public races; at Gortely, in Yorkshire, Croydon, near London, and Theobalds, on Enfield Chase, were the usual race-courses. The usual weight of the jockies was ten stone. The prize was in most cases a bell, at first of wood, but subsequently of silver; hence the origin of the phrase "bearing away the bell."

Sharp Sight.—An American describing the prevalence of duelling, summed up with, "They even fight with daggers in a room pitch dark." "Is it possible?" was the reply. "Possible, sir?" returned the Yankee, "why I have seen them."

—A fellow in Kentucky with a railway imagination, wants to know how long it will be before they open the equinoctial line.

—Mr J. B. S. Morritt, of Rokeby park, Yorkshire, died on the 13th inst. after a lingering illness, in the 72nd year of his age. He was one of the earliest and most

extensive Greek travellers of the present generation.

—Out of sixteen millions of people in England and Wales, about one-eleventh, or 1,429,356, are absolute and recognised paupers. In the year 1842 not less than 4,086,453*l.* was levied from the general industry of the country for their maintenance.

—Caroline Fichler, a celebrated German authoress, much admired by her fair countrywomen, died in the earlier part of the present month, at Vienna, in the 74th year of her age.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. S.—To write with a body which will appear luminous at night:—Put a piece of phosphorus in a quill, and write on any material; it will be beautifully luminous in the dark.

The article on 'Heat,' will not suit the 'Mirror.' In several of his facts the writer is decidedly in error.

It is all very well for high classical scholars to scorn the trammels of modern verse, but those who condescend to bend to contemporary prejudices ought not to let such words as "things" and "skins" pass for rhymes. Chalk and cheese will perhaps next be used as such. Our poetical friend seems like Matthew's Frenchman, who was so extremely delighted with the rhymes of the old song which, according to him, began thus:

"A cobbler there was, and he lived in a stall,
Which served for parlour and kitchen and everything else."

NEAVIAS.—In answer to his question we reply, that we think there is no doubt that the vowels in the language accented short would, if correctly enunciated, be pronounced short also. The reason why the vowel is not generally pronounced short in such dissyllables as lapis, opus, is because there is a difficulty in pronouncing without seeming to slur it over. In scanning Iambics, the commencing syllable of lapis would be pronounced like the French word *le*; but such a pronunciation is not practicable in reading the language. As to the difference between legit and legit, the present and perfect tenses of the verb *lego*, if it be necessary to make a distinction between the words in reading them, the present tense would correctly be read *le-git* (led-git), and the perfect *le-git*. But in prose, it may always be gathered from the context whether the present or past tense be intended, and in poetry it is self-evident, therefore there seems to us to be but little occasion for interfering with the customary pronunciation. The practice of distinctly marking the short syllable by calling it *laypis*, *oppus*, is one which is very unusual amongst scholars. For our part we never remember to have heard dissyllables, commencing with a short vowel, like lapis, opus, pronounced otherwise than *lay-pis*, *o-pus*, except by some few (very few) youthful students, who affected a nicety and singularity of pronunciation which their limited attainments warranted.

We regret that accident has caused Mr Lowe's letter to be misplaced, and its insertion in consequence delayed.

The favours of many able correspondents are unavoidably postponed.

Erratum.—For 'louvre,' in our last number, p. 54, read 'licres.'

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